

1877- 17 Feb, 1887 Thursday

Left Hobart by express 8 AM.  
Sprunt, R M Johnston, Perrin  
Piguenet, H F Bailey, A Giblin  
in bush rug - with swags rolled.

At OB Bridge picked up Sprunt  
& H F Bailey in Cardigan.

At NH Rd got off with swags  
interest of passengers in exped.

From NH soon after 10 by Allwright's  
Coach. very full 11 or 12 incl'd 2 women  
+ at Macq. Pls stopped at Erebus P.  
Hotel - fine view of big bend in R.

+ After passing 1<sup>st</sup> station fine bit  
cliff with Railway cutting + culti-  
val + trees to left. - Reached Hamilton  
abt 3 where we refreshed on bread &  
cheese & ale. - From Erebus to

Hamilton 21 for 21 miles Joe Clarke's  
ppty. - Horton Macleod & Lawrence  
fine country. - Lawrence House  
finely situated in beautiful plain  
near River. - Quaroobin behind to  
left. - Mt Wedge beyond & glimpse  
of high peak to N.W. - Cumurabin 2500-

Reuben fire & city wine & coach

Reached Rodda's Creek B. Inn  
abt 4:10 - Had with Johnston  
to examine separate Beds on R  
bank - Pigeonit sketching boys  
fishing - Pretty reach with  
willows. After good tea  
with Bailey to Millie Dixon's  
Lentwardine abt 7 1/2 miles  
Millie away - Louie at home.  
Bed after 10. very good  
accommodation - skuttles  
& Bailey Chapman Creek B. 300 ft.  
Friday 18 Febr

up at 5:30 - after good breakfast  
started with two Charlie Carts  
Passed Cawood & Rothwood  
up over valley from top of hills  
fine view across plains Downward  
valley Downward, Ridge of Mt  
Mear rising in background  
Perrin's Auroid 1000 ft.  
Shawfield besting Stone Flood  
7 miles from Ouse B. Perrin &  
Johnston at eucalyptus  
amygdalina. Rindia coriacea  
pulverentula. cordata. truncalis  
13 miles to foot of Native tree  
Perrin stopped at cottage &  
got home at 11 o'clock.

13 miles to foot of Native deer  
 Penrin stopped at cottage &  
 got home at 11 o'clock -  
 at foot of tree got into burnt  
 lumber - which had fallen across  
 road & was just cleared away -  
 tremendous burnt bush - Corn  
 field - handful of corn on top  
 of hill - higher up great patch  
 of burnt bush - burnt last Sunday  
 Paved scene of Stock's murder.  
 Reached Victoria Valley - 16 m.  
 1850 ft. - abt 1000 ac of fine  
 upland marsh site of old lake  
 Cashoir hut - old govt station.  
 Highest point Ledge 2750 Penrin  
 Reached Bee Bridge abt 1:20  
 Bee fine stream running thro  
 pretty flat marshy land &  
 then at Bridge running thro sage.  
 Bee Bridge Ledge 2400 P.  
 Reached Ellis 1:30 abt 1/2 mile  
 beyond Bridge. 22 miles from Ouse  
 Left 2:40 over rough bush road  
 fine pumping over stones &c.  
 very bad country - Came  
 down very steep pinch & in  
 view of Bronte plain, desolate  
 appce of dead trees without  
 branches - killed by frost in 1832  
 across Fine Greenstone bluff

Ledge 2150



Solomon went to inspect  
across marsh - rough tufted  
grass. Catie came to gaze.  
to Bronte House weatherboard  
cottage sheltered from westerly  
winds under rose on little  
ledge 2475. Perrin 2250.

7. Evans says 150 below lake  
St Clair wh is 2300 ft.

7. Evans away came back  
after tea says Bronte plain  
basaltic - 20 miles long.  
Misty fog threatening rain.

— Mrs Ellis - very clean  
fine butter - bk Currants  
Ellis - Stout fair bearded man  
loud voiced & jolly.

Drove us tandem at five p.m.  
See to Bronte. 147 m.

Saturday. 19 Feb.

Went to bed last night with Grace  
apprehensions for the coming  
day. Westerly wind with thick  
misty weather occasl drizzle  
& so we lay in bed at Bronte  
we heard rain pattering on roof.  
Evans joined the bed & sofa round  
camped on floor. At 11 I had one bed



we heard rain pattering on roof.  
Evans found 2 beds & sofa & under  
camped on floor. At 1 I took one bed  
Morning equally dark clouds &  
heavy drizzle & weather - After  
bkft & got started at 7:30  
Evans acc<sup>d</sup> us for a mile or  
two. Passed Marlboro' 1. old brick  
house with end wall out. Then  
over Derwent Bridge - good wooden bridge.  
Sprent's Store. <sup>man</sup> offering to build  
pilot over Henry for £5 & they  
refused. Report from timber merchant  
forgot to release kind timber -  
Harmond after capsize - Acworthmy Sad.  
Travelled for 5 or 6 miles thro' rolling  
fairly grassed cattle country. The  
trees of killed on plain but not  
touched in hills. After abt 7 miles  
took to Ellis' cart - a pronounced  
man. with night vocal organ.  
Had a fine bone shaking over road.  
Went a very bad bit soft places  
alternated with big stumps & boulders.  
12:30 reached Hut at Mt Olympus  
just looming thro' mist - Heigel Peak  
Kg. Mm. fine double precip bluff.  
12:30 Hut Mt Charles where Orr -  
Ellis' Bro. in law lives. Heat log hut  
with little garden. Johnston pointed  
out lovely purple *utricularia* "Fairies' Poles"  
Tremendous cold snow storms  
driven with keen wind from N.  
Had lunch at hut.

myrtle - gum &

After lunch started for St. Clair  
Perwent here a fine clear rapidly  
running stream across marshes  
of button grass - or button rush (so called  
from button at top) very fatiguing  
walking - found good 2 1/2 or 3 m.  
varied with belts of timber -  
reached lake in midst of cold  
sleet storm. Lake lies in midst  
of high steep rugged <sup>steep</sup> wooded  
to water edge <sup>thru the woody growth</sup> and with fine vista  
of peaks vanishing & reappearing  
coming thru mist - mist effects interesting  
effect. Mt. Ida like obelisk on E  
side of lake. A glimpse of  
flat top of Olympus as mist  
lifted for a moment. Hugel &  
it similar basaltic peaks  
(see P's picture) Dark thin dense  
rain clouds & mist. Arctostaphylos  
to on beach. Sandy beach like  
sea - and low rocky points coming  
out. Route to Perwent 20 m

Pitched Camp at Perwent  
Bridge. Process of Campfire.  
Sprent's stones round the fire  
His explorations Mackintosh Valley  
a gorge 2000 ft deep with Peak on other  
side level with top. Another gorge  
with 5 waterfalls thundering into it.  
So early to bed.  
Saw myrtle. Picked up his pack  
Jan 20. Feb. 1. 1881.

to stay at Klamath Falls.  
20th Business. Rickus his back

Sunday 20 Feb. Very cold in night  
Perrin nearly frozen in his hammock  
This morning heavy white frost - water  
in billy frozen hard. Arthur & I  
suffering in night.  
Struck Camp & started at 7:45.  
Ellis driving tandem with Swaps.  
In fine trim & grand morning.  
Had a fine view of flat topped  
Olympus from the other side.  
Travelled along a broad track formed  
& cleared stumps cut down but  
all boulders left. After a short  
tramp through brush emerged on a  
wide bottom level plain & had a  
panorama of striking King M. Range  
with other groups of fine peaks  
further on. In foreground & middle  
distance plain of bottom grass  
showing a profusion of hints of  
brown & greens & reds. In the  
further distance dark green of  
Eucalypti & reds beyond.  
Looking back straight Redlam Mts  
cliffs peak of Ida in gaps then  
long bold ridge & cliffs of Olympus  
further to left Sandstone rounded  
ridge & slope of Mt Rufes. Then  
came peaks of Mt Tell & right in  
front the magnificent bluffs &  
precipices of King M. Crossing  
across Navarre plains we crossed  
Navarre R. dark stream in bed



cut out of peaty soil - Found  
a land lobster - & in the morning  
a fossil *Senecella* in mudstone  
probly brought down from Mt Rufus  
On emerging from plain got into  
cart & was jolted nearly out of  
my life. Reached Iron House at  
Mt Arrowsmith early in aft.

abt 8 miles from Derwent.

Govt iron store in charge of Smith  
brother of H & Smith - I accommodated  
hut with bunks in wh. have  
made up our beds of tea tree we  
slept. Johnston's creaking bed.  
Missing as to my feet for to  
morrow.

In the afternoon took  
~~from~~ a trip to Lake Dixon abt  
4 miles, stumbling over wet button  
grass undermanned by crab holes  
formed by land lobsters of which there  
must be thousands - one large one  
alive - lake a small mere with  
weed beds in it & nestled  
amidst high hills - the colours of  
low hills on opp shore showing  
wonderful colours of reds & oranges  
burnt scrub & button grass  
Franklin runs over shelf of rock  
out of lake down a beautiful

wooded gorge with peaks of Cell  
is distant. Got back H. Cell

out of lake down a beautiful  
wooded gorge with peaks of Gell  
in distance. Got back tired  
out Johnston having sprained his  
knee & knee, Giblin blistered his  
heel, & Legge hurt his back tendon.

Monday 21<sup>st</sup> Feb

Started just before 8 to  
walk to Collingwood Camp.  
Supposed distance 22 miles.  
Sivag carried on foot pack horses  
accomp<sup>d</sup> by Bail & the man.  
Steep pull for 2 or 3 miles up  
the Arrowsmith Ridge along a  
butter grass saddle. King Mtn  
Ridges frowning up behind.  
Desolate & wild moorlike scene  
resembling pictures of Scotch  
glens - open moor in front &  
to left dark black Loddon Range  
quartzite cropping up everywhere  
in white patches. Surmounting  
saddle found roadmen cutting  
out the track to the gravel & saw  
their camp tents below in the  
deep valley. Elev<sup>n</sup> of top of saddle  
2900 ft. Mt Gell a fine object  
bright. From ridge an extensive  
panoramic view down Collingwood  
Valley bounded by the peaks of  
the W Coast range which we stopped  
to admire & identify features by map.

On descending pass we went  
down white quartzite path  
through myrtle - white bluffs  
of white quartzite above the  
~~left~~<sup>right</sup> ~~behind~~ the precipitous crags  
of Mt Cell lowering beyond to  
the lower slopes clothed in dense  
dark myrtle forest - very much  
like the Otira gorge both in  
colour steepness & size -

Turning a corner on the descent  
the enormous range of the Franklin  
Cap burst on us in full view  
with the striking Shako peak  
all of quartzite, the whitened  
peaks glistening as if with snow  
below below us & the rest a  
huge panorama of varied  
col<sup>rs</sup> mountains, many jagged  
& undulating slopes, some bare,  
some densely timbered, some  
standing out clear as if cov<sup>d</sup> with  
pasture - but no doubt better  
grass plains - Every variety of  
tints of green & brown & here &  
there great marks of extensive  
fires - on our right the Franklin  
cd be seen winding far below  
in a huge deep gorge on its way  
to join the Collingwood - Winding  
down the zigzag through beautiful  
lush myrtle, sassafras, King Bill



down the zigzag through beautiful  
brush - myrtle, sassafras, King Bill  
laurel & graceful ferns to as  
on Hun Road - drooping to Bill  
*arthrotaxis laxifolia* - Celery tops  
*eucryphia* to - we came to  
bottom of Arrowsmith by a  
steep short cut thro button  
grass - elev. 1175. then reached  
a lovely grove of myrtle - a  
splendid study & at 11'45.  
made the banks of the Franklin  
in a shingle bed between thick  
wooded myrtle banks. Crossed  
on a new bridge just finished  
& tastefully decorated with arches  
of tree fern & *Aristotelia* berries

The dark looking stream of clear  
water over brown boulders shows  
a great reach up thro myrtle  
forest. Here we saw for first  
time the palm like *Richea*  
*pandaniifolia* - & came on  
the Camp tents of road party  
Along the bank of the Franklin  
& sat down on a bridge over a  
Charlotte stream. & eat boiled  
beef & <sup>onion & home</sup> & boiled the belly  
College eating raw onions  
Here we overlook pack horses -  
reported 11 miles from store  
& to Collingwood R. & 13 to tent.

—hard time at the Frenchman

It is a pity to see these lovely  
migmatite glades desolated by  
huge fires which on Sunday  
week swept the country doing  
great destruction, burning  
out the settlement at Trial Bay.  
But the Scrubs are so dense  
that the fires are of great use  
in facilitating travelling &  
opening up the country.

Started after 1. Reached  
the Collingwood abt 3:30  
a fine stream in rocky banks  
crossed by balancing ourselves  
on a thin Sassafras log  
over rush. The track led  
all day along wild valley  
with rough precipitous hills  
& moorlike country very  
Scotch. 3:45 took sketch of  
~~mt Cell~~ & mt Byron & other  
peaks seen through gaps on  
right. a huge ploughed field  
on mt Hugel or Cell - reminding  
me of grey shingle slides on mt  
Mt. n. Passed along S. bank  
of Collingwood with high  
rugged quartzite bluffs on  
our left. At 5 reached the

wooden foot hut & store, found

at 5 reached the  
wooden foot hut & store, found  
Young Bray in charge. Very  
tired & found 3 miles to  
Camp - dragged along through  
burnt out track in dense  
myrtle scrub along R. bank  
and reached Cardigan R  
in crossing wh fell in boots  
billy fall. Reached Camp  
of Roadmakers 10 or 7 tents  
about 7 pitched on edge of  
river under dense dark  
scrub - leeches swarming  
mosquitoes in clouds - about  
40 men here - our tent was  
pitched in very wet & dismal  
place close to water. In night  
we suffered from mosquito  
plague & few of us slept much.  
Piquent had blood blister.

Tuesday 22.

Left Piquent left to return  
on pack horses to Arrowmith.  
Spent have got 2 men to carry  
trays of Johnson & myself  
to the King R. I determined  
to go on. At 8.30 left Camp for  
King R. dist. say 14 miles.  
Preparation of trays Spent & then  
over 50. Rail, & Giblin over 55. Johnson



Dumbarton & cutting grass with the bee

+ I light. The overseer of party  
Hall accounts us for a short dist<sup>ce</sup>  
After about a mile of cleared track  
we plunged over wet + sloshy bottom  
grass marsh + burnt sticks + then  
up very steep pinch through a track  
just notched in dense scrub.

Haily + Giblin after conferred to  
their feelings of dismay when they  
had travelled a mile or two with  
their swags. The bush was lovely  
all myrtle forest with many  
fine King Billy pines 4 to 6 feet thick  
in some cases. Sassafras also  
scrub full of laurel + many fine  
pandanifolias 20 or 30 ft high  
giving ~~very~~ semi tropical or N Z look  
very much out of place in Tas bush.  
A lovely climbing epacris with  
splendid bunches of red trumpet  
flowers fine as any garden heath.  
Found a blazed prospectors track  
anything but easy travelling  
with roots, branches, branches, +  
interlaced horizontal obstructing  
the path - Progress very slow  
often not a mile an hour -

At 11:40 'kats off' for lunch -  
Picturesque scene - fire built by  
sprung at foot of a shaggy + moss  
grown old myrtle in a dense  
green scrub of sassafras, laurel,  
+ tree fern everything cov<sup>d</sup> with  
moss + lichen. + the party in

Three fern everything covered with  
moss & lichen. & the party in  
bush costume - hats &c. sitting on  
their swags - or toasting bacon  
over the fire. So we went on  
heading gullies working up &  
downsidings creeping under  
horizontal, descending into little  
receding creeks of clear water  
& then up again, with occasional  
variations in coming out into  
the open day onto bottom land  
swamps & then again plunging  
into gloomy shade of forest -  
crossed the Nelson & then to  
creek along long spurs of low  
dark dreary tea tree scrub -  
discussed possibilities of reaching  
King R & the tents. & at last  
spent decided to camp as  
it was drizzling with rain &  
in this dense scrub dark came  
on early & we might get brushed.  
Descending a wet swampy  
dismal gully we off swags  
& prep<sup>d</sup> to camp on opposite  
slope on site of old camp -  
opened up swags & changed wet  
clothes when suddenly rain  
came down heavy & sudden -  
great scramble to get up fly

At last got fly pitched & R.M.J. & I  
scrambled under it - dried things  
as far as we could - had supper  
& prepared beds laying down cutting  
grass & Sassafras - Waterproof laid  
down Eublin, Perrin & I under Perrins  
rug. Spent in his bag alongside  
& Bailey laid across top. Leeches  
& swarms of mosquitoes a dismal  
night with rain drops pattering  
on tent - very little sleep - took  
down the tent pole fell down  
& we had to stick it up & waited  
for dawn.

Wednesday 23 Feb.

Up soon after dawn - Morn-  
ing fine but everything soaking with  
moisture. Had bkfst of toasted  
oacori & biscuit & honey. While  
finishing the two men came  
back. Quinn & Albert Trebster  
had had no luck. Made a  
big fire & dried tent & swags &  
clothes. Started at 10.  
Up a steep pinch - mud over  
boots. Thickest bawera & cutting  
grass have ever seen - beauties  
of prospect & tracks. Crossed  
Princess River on log. & very  
shortly after about 11 entered

bad report of distances



2600 ft  
from storm of scrub forest & came  
out into open day on the edge  
of lawn. Before us across the  
wide button grass flat rose  
the huge quartzite mass of Mt  
Sven rising almost perpendicularly  
from the plain and the bed of  
the King R. Below the  
the rugged jagged outline of Mt  
Lyell - between the gaps of the  
Linda valley - to extreme left  
part of Huxley & white quartzite  
hills - Compar. adv. of burnt &  
unburnt button grass -

The lawn seems to be fairly good  
land but saturated with water.  
In 3 miles from starting came  
to a backwater of King R & crossing  
it entered a fine bottom - Strip  
of well grown open myrtle forest  
fine trees & undergrowth of fern  
poly. & asplenium without  
scrub with well grown tree ferns  
very graceful & beautiful -  
then an open flat of grass  
(first we have seen) followed  
by a similar strip of forest  
to bank of King at noon  
where we found tent pitched

The river is here a wide stream  
with two channels at each  
shore & a great bank of dark  
sludge in the middle -  
It flows between banks cov<sup>d</sup> with  
a lovely forest of myrtle  
graceful Wilson pines &  
we crossed first stream on a  
myrtle felled across deep  
water - "This way across  
deep water" (in indel pencil)  
forw<sup>th</sup> I had to take hands  
& knees. Fine picture looking  
down the river dark water  
light sludge patches ea bank  
beautiful with forest & soft  
hills of enormous myrtle &  
graceful drooping boughs  
of Wilson pine & at end the  
view bounded by the great  
mass of flank of Mt Owen  
As soon as we reached river  
Rm I began hammering  
Perrin collect<sup>g</sup> specimens  
the boys fishing, the boss  
& I taking it easy. I looked like  
a travelling tinker with my  
crown belt & Perrins.

After eating lunch of tinned

Cornbell & Perrins.

after eating lunch of lined  
meat biscuit & honey.

Spent made up my duff  
of 23 lbs & we started across  
the fallen trees & skirted Linda  
fella, & so across bottom  
grass up some very steep  
pinches past iron blow to  
Linda hut - where Con Curran  
received us & placed here  
at our disposal <sup>Curran</sup> <sup>with him saying</sup>  
<sup>Perrin ready</sup>  
Thursday 24 Feb B. snowing

Linda diggings -

The hut in wh we left is a  
rough one built of rough split  
palings with a wooden chimney  
showing large cracks with the  
outer air & a large piece of calico  
let into the gable for window  
No regular windows. glass is  
a scarce article in these parts  
The usual raised benches are  
raised round two sides of the  
hut - the side opposite the door  
& the end opposite the fire place  
on these benches of tea tree or  
are laid to such depth as the  
occupier may fancy or as much



as he cares to take the trouble  
to gather. The bed is now  
ready - the blankets are  
spread out, you place your  
clothes at the head for a  
pillow lie down & roll the  
blankets round you & await  
the approach of sleep. Sprew  
took one bunk. Rm. Jatta &  
A Gidlin & myself arranged  
ourselves heads & tails on a  
third - taking the precaution of  
a sprinkle of insecticide. I  
slept well despite the  
hardness of my couch which  
had only old dried troughs  
on it amongst with some  
obtrusive stalks found out  
the prominent points of  
shoulders & hips - Bailey  
spread some blankets on a  
broad slab forming a bench  
& soon made the night resound  
with his snoring & Permin  
fixed up his hammock  
with many precautions not  
to find it give way suddenly  
when he stepped into it. 25

as said it gave way suddenly  
when he stepped into it. It  
required a very tender  
adjustment before he could  
succeed in laying himself  
down safely. Rayley was as  
usual up first & soon after  
6 had the fire under way the  
rest emerged one by one &  
tea was boiled & a solid  
bkfst of ~~boiled~~ meat & biscuit  
(biscuit) & biscuit. fruiting  
up with honey was made.  
After bkfst we went to look over  
the field. our first visit was  
to north & Lake's alluvial claim.  
It was surprising to see the amount  
of work this party of 4 have done in  
18 mos. - A huge cutting & long  
sluicing race timbered with a  
good solid bottom cut into the  
tenacious black clayey material  
underlying the wash & 2½ miles  
of water race constructed round  
the hill are very fair results for  
the time. Most of this is dead  
work from which they are only  
beginning to reap return. - 5 o'clock  
be now & 1.5 p.m. for the party.  
The wash is in a very deep  
patches 20 or 30 ft deep with

Sloping bands of blue or black  
claylike substance. Nicely washed  
several prospects in a tron dish  
from one of which he got little  
more than a colour & from  
two others very good prospect of  
very light scaly gold of a small  
nutlet. The operation of washing  
a prospect is a pretty one  
requiring a considerable skill  
So far as we cd judge there is  
a rich claim - from half a main  
ground 35 yds. of 1600 of gold  
was washed. The dirt is washed  
by ground sluicing & the gold  
caught by ripples in the clay sluicing  
race. They have 3 extended claims  
there are about 40 men on the ground  
but the difficulty of transport through  
the scrub handicaps them heavily.  
It is difficult looking over this open  
valley, but an amphitheatre betw  
Mt Owen & Mt Tyell, which at a distance  
looks like cleared pasture land  
to realise that it is shut off from  
even horse tracks by dense tracts  
of scrub. Some 18 m. to Collingwood  
track & 8 m. to Lyndoch on the  
or side. It costs 2 pils to  
pack by horses from Mac. Harbour  
to Lyndoch & from thence to  
Linda 4 pils - a man carrying



To deposits & from thence to  
Linda L<sup>o</sup> pits - a man charging  
L<sup>o</sup> to pack both on his back  
the Snules - Some carry 80 or 90  
lbs but this soon breaks them down  
& they have to drop down to 50 lbs  
They say that packing tucker  
averages 2 days work per man per  
week - & that all tucker averages  
them 1/2 pit in cost

After examining this claim we proceeded  
up the bed of a small creek R<sup>o</sup>g  
pointing out the diffie bet<sup>n</sup>  
Coulominate - Breccia - & grit  
& thence by a rough prospector's  
track thro' the scrub to Con Cuntain  
hut near the top of the Saddle  
of Mt Dyeall. From this hut  
you look into a dense forest of  
young myrtle & with long slender  
branches & through the tops of the  
trees see opposite the great mass  
of Mt Brown on the W. side of  
the valley. Tharin & I determ<sup>d</sup>  
to stay here while the others went  
on some 4 miles over a desperately  
bad bush track to the Tasman  
Cabin persisting in going in spite  
of his bad heel. They had not gone  
far when I heard a covey  
& went on to see what was  
wanted. I found them on the

top of the Saddle admiring the  
view. Eastward we saw the  
great valley down which we had  
been journeying for three days.  
That in the past been Swell  
Town <sup>below the station</sup> in the middle distance  
the dark scrub of the Collingwood  
Valley & beyond far away  
Mt. Arrow Smith & in the extreme  
distance the flat top of Olympus  
& the three peaks of King Mtn.  
Turning West we looked over  
what appeared almost a flat  
expanse of dark forest with  
lighter cedar patches of button  
grass stretching in unbroken  
extent to the distant sea  
the line of which was visible  
for the greater part of the horizon  
in that direction. Broken only  
S.W. by some humps of  
hills beyond which was visible  
the low outline of Macq. Harbour  
heads & the water of the Harbour  
just visible on the nearer side.  
It was both ways a very striking  
prospect these two extensive  
pictures framed by the great  
hills & all stretching to the N.  
& S. - For an hour I tried to  
sketch the views with very  
indifferent success. R. time

to the Frenchman

Byce the Prospector  
A sketch the views with very  
in different success. Returning to  
the hut I found tucker. Tea  
boiled fat bacon & bush bread  
or damper. & a young fellow who  
reminded me of Butterworth by  
his speech. (I after found he  
was an <sup>old</sup> ~~young~~ <sup>old</sup> ~~young~~ boy who was  
working on the claim.  
The rest of the time I employed  
in writing a letter home while  
Perrin slept. At 5 we started  
off down the hill, leaving a  
note for the others on their return.  
On our way down Perrin  
& I called at Leplin's claim  
the men at once invited us to have a  
drink of tea & put cheese, butter, & milk  
jam before us. Hospitality of miners.  
A large working stopped because of  
litigation. Walked along the race  
to Curtains hut when returned at  
bottom of a fully facing open steep  
hill on which the famous iron  
blow. at the base is a deep  
quarry of myrtle &c.  
Got ourselves to bed again -  
Perrin taking the floor being  
disquieted with her hammer &c -  
I slept fairly.

Spent hour invited the miners



to come down & state their  
wants about 70 of them came  
up including Curtain, North,  
Fahy, Smithgate, Red Evans  
(a Lancashire man) & others.

They stated their wants simply  
& clearly, like men who knew  
what they wanted & knew how to  
say it. Curtain, Fahy, & Evans  
chief speakers - getting to the point.  
Haut track to Lynch's completed  
at once - Collingwood track  
finished next season. North &  
S: prospectors track from Hesketh  
S to Gordon or just below  
intersecting Moor's track.  
Complaints abt Postal matters.  
Haut Gold Court resident at  
Strahan, the Court at Haratahi  
by useless.

Friday 25 Feb,

After Bkfst of bacon & biscuit.  
Haut back & then went to walkman.  
He started with Evans abt 8:30  
to visit Crotty & J. O. Henry's  
Iron blow. It is well up the hill  
they have a 40 ft face of wash dirt

Iron blow. It is well up the hill

they have a soft face of wash dirt  
Carl Curtain is in charge.

The blow is an outcrop of rock  
strongly impregnated with iron  
& contains gold in fine particles.

The rock is of a dark purple colour.  
With it is a considerable deposit of  
pyrites, presumably gold bearing.

While Spent & Johnston have been  
examined I studied the  
Country. The Linda diggings is  
a large amphitheatre of open bottom  
rush country, standing at the  
foot of the blow Owen is at back  
Lyell opposite. two spurs rising  
down from opposite sides of  
the saddle of hill of iron blow  
shutting in the amphitheatre  
from the hill belts of thick scrub  
run down to the borders of the  
amphitheatre. beyond is the  
Linda valley & the lawn  
stretching away in the distance  
he had a steep pull up the button  
grass on the flank of hill Owen  
& Johnston about a view north  
O Connell's claim while  
Spent & I rested on the hill

The repacked my way. It is  
surprising what a difference the  
proper packing & position of a bag  
makes in the ease of carrying &  
Sprent is an adept making the  
way easy, wh. with Curtains  
packing had well nigh dragged  
me to pieces. It was near 10  
when we left the trail house  
& we kept the blazed track round  
the splinters of Mt Owen. A villainous  
track, up wh. the miners have  
to drag their trucks from Squelch.  
The track is a tangle of scrub, roots,  
slippery branches & mud holes.  
Scrub much of it most ugly & ragged  
tea tree <sup>wh. is</sup> the most utterly dismal in  
appce. of all scrubs. The mud  
was fearful & as this is the end of a  
specially dry summer & the slush  
takes one half way to the knees - what  
it must be in winter can be imagined  
& one can believe that the men sink over  
their knees & even up to their middles in  
mud & water. Someone (RMD prob.)  
left the dinner billy behind - farewell  
our sausage - this formed a theme for  
Perrin to growl for half an hour at  
least. Lower down the slope we  
came to beautiful myrtle gullies  
& in one of these cattle glews, we  
stopped & refreshed with tinned  
meats & a drink of tea.



Johnston has a quite extraordinary  
way with these miners - a genial  
manner - a courtesy & consideration for  
or <sup>cameraderie with</sup> working people or poor people which  
springs from real democratic feeling  
and which wins their hearts instantly  
making them his devoted servants.  
Spent Chaffinism at his diploma  
He has a dozen of the miners at  
Linda sworn to collect fossils for him  
& this morning Matt O'Donnell insisted  
on carrying his swag for him into Lynden  
on one of his sprained knee. A Gibson  
heel is very bad - he can't go much  
further with it. The track is very  
badly laid out & excites Spent's  
ire. instead of keeping a good grade  
high up on a circuit round the  
ridge, it crosses all the spurs & goes  
dipping up & down over all the  
hills. in some places with a  
tremendous siding. The miners give  
names to the worst places - Gutter  
Anne & so forth. One of the  
worst parts is a sideling track  
round a very steep spur. This is  
'Roaring Tree'. It is at the angle  
of a steep pitched roof - too steep to  
give proper foothold & treacherous  
with slippery roots - the soil is springy  
with root fibres & one steps from  
foothole to foothole with care as  
a slip on the roots would land one  
rolling 30 or 40 ft below.

After 30 miles the track is cut  
a little wider this very bad, &  
then we came to a party of roadmen  
who are fine looking lot of men most  
timers, who were vigorously leveling  
& forming the track into a pack horse  
road. The last two miles into  
Synchis is a good well cut pack  
horse track. I walked with Captain  
travelling with Lacy at a good  
strong pace & had some interesting  
talk. He has literary taste, reads  
Shakespeare, Byron, Scott Longfellow  
& gave some of his ideas on life which  
showed some amount of thought.  
He is Cas., but of Irish parents,  
with very little of the brogue.  
We reached Marsalis hut on  
Synchis Creek about 71. It seemed  
like a return to civilisation  
after some tea. Knives forks & cups  
in the big hut. March took us over  
the claim. It was on this creek that  
a 27 oz. nugget was found. A very  
great deal has been done here  
some hundreds of yards of tunnelling  
a quantity of stone being stacked in  
paddocks. The buildings for the  
machinery are up & the machinery  
itself has been dragged up with

infinite pains. Thus the stamper  
boxes weigh a ton ea in order to  
bring them up, they had to make a  
low sort of carriage partly sled & part  
cart & it took 5 horses a fortnight  
to drag this single piece over the 22 miles  
or so from Long Bay. When  
dark we went into the tunnel.

very wet. strange fungus &  
all atwinkle with glow worms.  
Marshall is a Southern Irishman  
fair & solid with shaggy eyebrows  
speaks little, but has a keensense of  
humour. writes poems a la Bret Hart  
& generally interests one & leaves  
the impression of a capable & honest  
man. Went to bed before 10

Spent Rayly hours in hut  
he "dressed down" on floor of Marshall's  
well built & neat little cottage.

with folded tent for mattress. & blanket.  
A. G. Kinn & I. Johnston in bed heavy  
loom to us. My hip bones quite  
sore & bruised in morning from  
hardness of floor.

Grass springing up.

Apple tree & raspberry canes

How carried here?

R. M. J. makes shrewd remarks at times  
& replies to chaff with a humour & wit  
with often disguised his opponent to be  
is generally Bayly. On my remarking  
that R. was very noisy at times, he



said "He's a whole brass band in  
himself"

Saturday. 26 Feb

March gave us a good substantial  
bkfst of porridge, ham, bread,  
bread & jam with copious tea.  
All his more potent liquids had been  
consumed by the helpers on the  
night of the fire wth narrowly  
nipped his house about

last Sunday week (the hot Sunday  
when Mr Wallington on fire)

Plenty of milk from the two cows.  
March describes the N. Coast  
as a land flowing with condensed  
milk & honey. We started at

7.45 March accompanied us a couple  
of miles past bridge over Riegun R.

Here there is a pine reserve of  
766 ac procl. We found some men

cutting pine for the bridge. The police  
had stopped them some time ago

until they got a permit. Spent  
remarked on the stupidity of the

police who some time since allowed  
some hundreds of thousands of feet

of pine to be cut to export. I yet  
stopped these men cutting wood

for necessary works on the spot,  
as if the object of reservations was

not to preserve the timber for local  
use. The King Billy is a fine

light desirable timber but there is

Wibben stayed behind to come out pack horse

light desirable timber but there is  
no quantity of it in the forests  
only trees here & there - We  
crossed the Queen on a log &  
thence made our way down  
the valley on the right bank  
winding round spurs &  
running far into the heads of  
gullies. This is by far the  
most beautiful forest I have seen  
in Tas. & quite rivals the famous  
Hokitika Road. The trees are  
myrtle, Sassafras King Billy, Hamamelis  
laurel & patches of gum chiefly  
on hill tops. A myrtle forest  
seen from outside looks black &  
gloomy enough, but its cool green  
shade as one passes through  
offers every variety of forest beauty  
the sunlight shining through &  
lighting up with all shades & tints  
of green - to which the dark  
twisted brown moss covered  
trunks & branches of the myrtle  
present a fine foil. The graceful  
& fragrant Sassafras lights up  
relieves the darker green of the  
myrtle with its light tints &  
beautifully mottled stems, the  
dark stiff looking celery top  
occasional drooping King Billy  
with hard branches of spicules  
resembling Norfolk Island pine

While the fine lofty aisles of  
forest are adorned with  
undergrowth of scrub straggly  
horizontal, dark glistening  
leaves of the native laurel,  
& groups of feathery tree ferns  
at times the road ran  
far away up the gullies into  
lovely recesses of fern & crossed  
rustling brooks of sparkling &  
clear cold water running over  
stone beds - & then swept away  
out onto the spurs where thro'  
openings in the forest the great  
<sup>gossamer</sup> & picturesque que crags  
of Mt Sufer & Huyley stood out  
clear cut apt the sky over  
ridges clothed with shining  
forest of King M. myrtle & Passerina  
standing me behind the  
other into the middle distance  
from the near foreground. While  
in front <sup>great</sup> shining sprays of laurel  
& the elegant trailing epacris  
with its clusters of scarlet  
bells formed a beautiful  
foreground - The track  
is almost a cart road & has  
been well & must be cut out



is across a cart road & has  
been well formed by cut out  
of the side of the hills into rotten  
slate &c but in some of the  
gullies it is still a waste of  
soft mud & clay, which even  
at this dry season would  
easily an incautious traveller  
over his knees. The completion  
of the track has been delayed  
by the strike of men who  
got 8/4 p day but asked 10/.  
as the cost of packing tucker  
was so great. as the road  
left the Glenfally, & reached  
a higher level we got a view  
of the greater part of the N Coast  
range turning back we could  
see away in the background  
the moors of Mt Snow & more  
to the right in succession.

The rugged peaks of Huxley & Lushes  
further south the round red  
top of Darwin & then the extreme  
end of the range formed by the  
bare bleak & forbidding rocks  
of <sup>granite ridge</sup> Lorell. To the left Chindas  
Reid - Sedgewick & glimpses  
of the Eldon Range.

Spent speaking of the great  
piles of <sup>but</sup> visible coalyphen  
said that when John Bounke  
his man returned from a  
ride to wh he had been sent  
to get a look over a new country  
for the first time he exclaimed  
when he came into camp -

"Redad, they had so much  
land when they made this country  
that they stacked it -"

At the govt hut 9 miles from  
Lynells where there logs  
some lovely epacris we found  
pack horses - This is the turn off  
to the King Landing distant some  
3 miles & there was some dis. cussin  
as to going down to meet a boat  
which O Henry was expected  
to bring up. But as there was  
some uncertainty about it, it was  
thought unwise to run the risk  
we proceeded on our march

~~at last~~ We stopped for trucker at  
a hut a couple of miles further  
on & refreshed ourselves with  
tea - the day was warm &  
sunshiny. O'Donnell had  
gone on with Johnston's pack.  
I helped with with the remain

travel over these hills & crabs  
is something extraordinary. They  
get over the hills like cats.  
On this Johnston has added  
considerable to the load by his  
fossil rocks. His enthusiasm came  
fervently in spite of sprained knee  
sample were boundless.  
everywhere hammering & chipping  
the handle of his hammer a constant  
accompaniment to our walk  
& a running comment on  
diorite diabase conglomerate  
slates, mica schist altered  
slates, but his excitement reached  
its height when on the Queen  
valley he came upon the long  
looked for brachiopod sandstone  
& we were all pressed into the  
service & a prospecter Fisher  
O'Donnell & all carried big  
slabs of fossils to the point where  
the pack horses were to ~~partake~~  
make a halt.

By 3 PM we had reached  
the ridges extending towards the  
Harbour. <sup>Flooding Crabs rounded top</sup> I saw Mt. Lichuan to W  
of N. & then to E of N. the long  
flat range of Mt. Reid & the  
terraced top of Neuchâtel or  
Sedgewick right behind



Pack horses with our baggage over the ridge

the distant Eldon Range &  
Eldon Bluff <sup>to the south</sup>  
the N Coast Range <sup>and with some</sup> at over end  
of the gull, in blue distance  
the Shako of the Frenchman  
we had now reached a ~~new~~  
ridge covered with low tea  
tree so that we had a good  
view of distant country.  
Spencer & Johnston stayed  
behind to examine sandstones  
& Basal Perrin & I pushed on  
the forest of lighter & trees  
smaller conifers & more gum trees  
the country became much less  
interesting we seemed to be on  
the backbone of a low ridge  
and the gullies or depressions  
were less steep being more like  
rolling hollows - tea tree bottom  
grass, while in place of the  
clear rushing streams flowing  
into the Queen, little dribbles  
of evil looking slummy water  
trickled down the hollows  
across the track - We gradually  
reached a lower level gum  
taking the place of other forest

... are pieces of other forest  
till we came to the final descent  
coming down Coiduroy  
till we overlooked the great  
flat on the N. of Macq.  
Harbour, a great yellowish  
brown level 3 or 4 miles  
wide - button grass - Equisetum  
sheath stretching away to  
the Sea which was shut out  
by line of low sand hills  
scrub cov<sup>d</sup>. To the left we had  
a glimpse of the water of the  
Harbour & the bare forbidding  
low hills on its further side.  
The plain must be 4 or 5 miles  
wide & 7 or 8 long - its dull  
brownish yellow under cloudy  
sky had an unexpressible  
dreary & depressing effect  
Still its level colour & smoothness  
gave it the app<sup>r</sup> of a wide  
grassed plain, the illusion  
being heightened by hedge-like  
belts of tea tree here & there  
in the low rolling hills near  
the harbour. The harbour was  
only seen in glimpses but the  
jutting out points cut it up & make  
it look narrow & confined. One  
gets no idea of the magnificent  
expanse till the harbour really

is extending over 30 miles  
from the low long pts wh  
form the mouth & wh are  
visible in the distance, the  
celebrated Hell's gates.

The track traversed the plain  
for some distance by cut down  
like a tunnel through some 3  
feet of peaty top soil to the white  
quartzite gravel or sand  
forming a fairly good road.

We reached the little township  
of Strahan on Long Bay. Whither  
the Settlement was removed from  
Duck Creek or

for convenience of shipping to  
Strahan today is a little  
cluster of wooden & galvanised  
iron houses some 15 altogether  
situated in a little hollow  
or strip on the shore of the  
harbour under the shelter  
of the low hills which slope  
steeply down from the  
dike water. There are two  
hotels & two jetties. Most of them  
fill up the little bay while  
a few are perched on the  
hillsides on one side



there is a rather heavy gum  
brush. there is a small creek  
runs - but the water is obtained  
from a spring on the beach.  
At 6 we arrived at Gaffney's  
after meeting Finkler &  
J. O. Henry. Spent P.M. I  
arrived within 5 min of us  
having spent  $3/4$  hour on the  
road feeling very heavy part  
on the speed. The first ceremony  
was Ale round & then a  
wash. After which we went in  
for a substantial tea of leg  
of mutton eggs &c. very grateful  
after a course of salt meat  
& dampen. After dark we got  
into boat & found great  
relief in paddling our tired  
feet in the salt water. Varying  
with J. O. Henry on pier.  
About 10 Giblin arrived <sup>with my</sup>  
a pack horse with <sup>bag</sup> <sup>for</sup>  
saddle rope stirrups & <sup>with</sup> <sup>stirrups</sup>  
He started from ~~the boat~~ on a  
horse lent him by ~~the boat~~ &  
had had an uncomfortable  
time of it after dark came on  
coming into contact with  
branches, losing his hat &

I having to search for it with  
matches - the horse finally  
clinging at a cart & nearly  
bringing him to grief. He found  
bed very comfortable about 11  
& slept the sleep of the just  
but sheets once more.  
Eublin & I occupying same  
room.

Sunday 27 Feb.

Up at 7.30 to bathe in sea  
on shingle beach. Breakfast  
Chops & ham & eggs. Very  
warm - brilliant hot sunshine  
lively expec of W Coast blow  
'Copper bottoms' more active  
impudent & persistent than  
their eastern cousins.  
Loafed about all the morning  
then dinner - roast leg of  
mutton, potatoes, beans  
etc. & pudding.  
After dinner took Police Boat  
& pulled out to mouth of Long  
Bay & got a glimpse of the  
extent of harbour. Sarah  
I'd visible as a dim cloud

away to S.E. & beyond the  
Oreton Range & the Craycroft  
Mt. Torelli's barren ridge  
visible above the bush -  
Late in the eve Johnson of  
Yasna arr & mining matters  
were discussed with assistance  
of sundry glasses of Ale & Porter  
Bed with intention of being on  
track for Renne by 7 o'clock  
in the morning.

Monday - 28 Feb. Up at 6.

Bkpt at half past 6  
when thunder storm & heavy  
rain delayed our start.  
As pack horse would cost £8 &  
17/4 for man we determined to  
carry our saws, rather to  
Gaffney's disgust. Loafed at  
Hotel G & B trying fishing for  
small muddlet when showers  
have ceased, we got some bread  
& cheese & porter, took our saws  
& started just before noon - Hobbs  
took us across the bay in  
the police boat to a point



Near old Strahan. It was  
very squally going over, &  
the wind freshened considerably  
before we reached our point  
of disembarkation. Coming in  
fistful gusts with quite justified  
the expect<sup>n</sup> of the harbour as  
treacherous & most dangerous  
for sailing. On landing we passed  
old Strahan cont<sup>y</sup> the Customs  
building & two or three other wooden  
places now all deserted - We  
pushed across the healthy plain  
over a track cut down thro' peat  
to gravel and then for some distance  
thru sandhills cov<sup>d</sup> with small  
timber & scrub brightened by  
the profusion of magnificent  
bunches of blue *Cianella* berries.  
In places the tea tree was so  
dense at top as to form a cover  
wh<sup>ch</sup> must be absolutely rain  
proof - After 3 or 4 miles from  
Strahan we came out on the  
beach of white sand - fortunately  
hard & in splendid condition for  
walking. From the sandhills  
we could see the Harbour Heads low  
indistinct & beyond the low outline  
of Cape Sorell. North the beach  
stretched away in apparently  
interminable distance.

interminable distance

Hemiskirk with its peaked summits  
in the far distance. The wind was  
fresh from the westward & the great  
foaming rollers on the broad beach  
magnificent. While heavy and  
rain squalls passed away to  
seaward, dark storm effects of  
lead<sup>en</sup> cloud set <sup>squally</sup> ~~across~~ ~~across~~  
~~shining~~ bright sunlit clouds  
& beautiful effects of sheeny  
light ~~across~~ making a silver way  
across tossing breakers of foam  
at times ~~making~~ a really splendid  
study of ~~light effects of light water~~  
~~sky cloud~~. The telegraph has  
been erected along the sandhills but  
some posts are down, some buried  
in sand, wire sometimes high in air  
& again feet deep in sand.  
At ~~low~~ <sup>low</sup> towards 3 only made halt  
at one of the creeks of peaty water  
running out from the sandhills &  
boiled our kettle, & at turned round.  
Here we saw a pigeon but on the beach  
nothing but sandpipers & only few  
of them very few shells chiefly single  
valves (Venus). Then pushed on  
against the strong wind making but  
slow apparent progress towards  
Hemiskirk Range, the wind pressing  
us back, & the sand blowing  
along the beach in thick streams  
about mouth of Hurdy the  
sand has occupied great

2 or 3 m. from Peaty sand very heavy.

spaces & there are wide & desolate  
sand wastes for miles & far  
inland variegated with clumps  
of usual sand vegetation.

Abt 5 we turned up from mouth  
of River reached the ferryman's  
hut - met with cordial reception  
Old Mr Osborne being greatly  
distressed that we had come  
before she expected as she had  
killed fowls & now she  
had only salt meat. A talkative  
voluble Irish woman kind  
hearted & ready to do every thing  
to oblige (Nelly) Her husband  
quite a rather fine faced & tall, white  
beard & rather distinguished  
looking. The hut old but  
roomy with a partition.  
found an oldish miner with  
sprained ankle with whom  
R.M.J. fraternised - Supper of  
potato corned beef & eggs!  
Complicated arrangements for  
sleeping - Night closed in  
very stormy with fierce heavy  
showers. (Native cats killing Osborne's  
fowls) lay down to try to sleep  
with wind roaring & shaking



with wind tearing & shaking  
me crazy old hut & the rain  
beating on it in sheets - alto-  
gether Johnston & I occupied  
one bed in heat & discomfort  
Perrin & Rayly the big bed of the  
proprietor where they had a  
powerful experience of fleas.  
Rayly said it felt like being on  
rolling shot & Perrin that he  
slept them off in handfuls.  
Simple manners of the country  
old Biddy Osborne visiting us in  
our beds. The old couple took  
refuge behind a screen in inner  
division.

Tuesday. March 1

Up & found morning threatening  
but yet fine so far & the wind  
much subsided. Bkfst of eels  
from Heuty & potatoes - old Osborne  
put us across Heuty in two lots  
in a little boat. River had risen  
in night - a wide sluggish dark  
coloured water, most waste &  
desolate land everywhere. We  
made our way over sandhills  
to the beach which we found to be  
very soft. Great width of  
yellow or brownish sand strewn  
with logs & drift wood. appeared  
to slope up from the sea, but  
this perhaps optical deception.  
Long & black & brown as is ribbed

The 9 miles took it out of us - Cold squalls from

sea sand - a dark granite sand in many places quite brown - We toiled slowly & laboriously on - we ~~had~~ <sup>had</sup> signified with the Carpenter & the Balmer as we dragged ourselves thro' the soft sand outside the lagoon made by the Little Ventry. Coming down the beach, hoping to make our way over the bar at its mouth. After wading for 1 1/2 m. saw man Boy on or side - man beckoned to us to go back, so we did very reluctantly - Johnston took off his trousers & waded thro' losing his hammer in the process, & beyond Perrin who had gone inside. We toiled thro' the sandhills & among tea tree scrub, a most exhausting pull until we reached the bank of the Little Ventry - about 9 m. from our resting place of night before. Here we found an old leaky boat with a suspended wire & ropes by which we hauled ourselves across & then up more sand to Kemini or Trial Harbour.

A burnt out township on a shelf of land bet<sup>n</sup> the rocky beach & a very steep hill rising sharply inland. Trial Harbour

is only harbour, Courtney a  
rocky headland up which the  
waves were dashing in foam  
on the other side a ridge of contorted  
rocks running out into a reef  
& a small pool of deep water set  
into which the steamer in smooth  
weather hauled in by a buoy. At  
present with the wind in shore  
the harbour was mass of foam &  
tumbled water in which not even  
a boat could live. We made our  
way to the only 2 rearing huts left  
by the fire & found some 6 or 7 men  
among them Gallaher & young Mace  
(the photographer) they are hard up for  
provisions & everything. It seems that  
on Sunday or Monday week it was  
blowing a 'Zephyr' off the land &  
towards midnight the fire reached the  
crown of the hill above the village  
in company. few minutes the violent  
gale swept it down the hill & the  
huge flakes of fire flying before the  
gale ignited the wooden sheds.  
Many of the people escaping with  
difficulty in their night dresses.  
Mace carried a box of dynamite  
down to the beach & put it down in  
the sea, into which he had to duck  
himself to put out the sparks in  
his clothes. The people had to take  
refuge under the felt, as the  
fire swept on down to the beach.  
We boiled the bill & had some tucker  
in the hut & then let off up the



track a steep zigzag up the hills  
 to the northward. From this we  
 had a fine view of the little nook  
 of a harbour with the surfrolling  
 & dashing waves & over the picturesque  
 & fine col<sup>d</sup> rocks forming its shores.  
 We were now on the old Heemskirk  
 road & having abandoned our idea of reaching  
 the Prinsatatie to night, took the  
 gap short cut thence, expecting to  
 save some 5 miles. The road  
 worked up the foot hills of the  
 Heemskirk range a valley lying  
 between us & the mts. The track  
 was cut down thro the heat to  
 the gravel which formed a good  
 road - quartz with tourmaline by  
 the gravel & bands of granite  
 with spots of tourmaline showing in  
 it. Pretty effect of white & black  
 with reddish granite. On each  
 side over the broken grass as we  
 toiled up & down the rough hills  
 with <sup>streams of brown water</sup> creeks in the hollows we  
 saw the old deserted claims of  
 the days of the Heemskirk ranch.  
 High up on the other side of the  
 valley among gum bush ran the  
 track to the Cumberland & West  
 Cumb. towards the summit of the  
 ridge - the Orient further along.  
 To our left Mount. Mount East.  
 P. Lep. Empress. Carway down as  
 the beach out of sight Cliff & Carab.  
 Holroyds Hotel the roof fallen in.  
 Suggested the thousands wasted

shown

Heavy cold

Here some years ago - Every thing  
now silent & deserted.  
We kept on for the opening thru the  
Gap to right of the Gap peak -  
on our right the high peaked ridge  
of Heandkirk - great bareridges  
blotched with patches of red  
granite - Open rolling ridges of  
valley between on our left or  
rather in front the lower ridge of  
the Gap range similar in character.  
We descended into a gully & up  
a tremendous pinch to the Gap  
Saddle. Here we overlooked the  
rugged Meredith range (granite)  
& bet<sup>n</sup> wide rolling open country  
with great belts of timber - Our  
walk was wet & sloppy thru button  
grass & we were pretty well wet  
through with repeated rain equally.  
However we made good progress  
As twilight sundown approached  
made a detour to some old huts of  
an abandoned claim, thru  
dense cutting grass, but found  
them ruined. Then Spent said we  
would make for the St. Charles apt  
a mile further on. Here, amidst  
old workings on a branch of the  
Cassian River dammed with bays  
& running in a cut channel  
we found a splendid hut &  
soon had a fire, cut wood & bedding  
made ourselves comfortable  
after a good wash in the simple  
ample stream. We collected a few

Great morning up  
fragrant lot of tea tree to bed  
us down in the bunks. Had  
some fine Soup made & spent  
a very comfortable  
evening. Spent baking bush  
bread in the adobe. Perini  
took the floor & I think we  
all enjoyed a fine night's sleep.  
Progress - 9 miles to Corinna  
11 or 12 to St. Dizier leaving  
abt 17 to Corinna for tomorrow  
Wednesday July 2,

After bkfst of bacon & damper  
we packed up & soon after 8  
were again on the march.  
The morning was very unpromising  
& threatened steady rain. The  
cold showers being frequent & the  
pe pushed on over rolling country  
thru wet button grass for some  
6 miles when we reached the  
edge of the timber some 10 or 11  
miles from Corinna. Here was  
the beginning of the myrtle forest  
the track all way cut thru peat  
down to the white quartz gravel  
like a garden path.  
Magnificent glades of forest  
extending the whole way to Corinna  
the usual cassapras. Laurel,  
eucryphia. Now out at & &  
every heart & their creeks of  
peat water. We marched on  
up over up spurs & down again



up river again - kept pegging  
the road winding ceaselessly  
half way or after 5 m. we halted  
for lunch of bacon (boiled) damper  
& jam. Then kept pegging  
away through the lovely forest  
the gully opening out more & more  
& at last descended the slope  
to the bank of the Peimani &  
reached Corinna wh consist  
of Foster's wooden inn & ferry  
house, with tele. & post office  
on the other side of the river.  
after a refresher of ale we went  
over in the boat to the tele.  
office & despatched various  
telegrams. Some tremendous  
heavy showers. The Peimani  
astonished us - it is a magnificent  
river.  $6\frac{1}{2}$  chs or say 150 yds  
wide & 40 ft deep. here at 52  
miles from the mouth. a full  
flood of smooth gently flowing  
dark water half a mile again  
as clear as Victoria. a magnificent  
forest of myrtle gum pine  
pencil cedar & coming right down  
to the banks on each side - dark  
& gloomy. Had tea of tinned fish &  
the meat by out thro' detention of  
Bakefield. after tea Gourlay  
sent over with news. Rooke Chief  
Secy. Adams 3 Judge. Johnston  
Perrin & I went for a pull

a little way up the river to  
a splendid reach 2 or 3 miles  
long. The gathering mists in  
the valley - smooth flowing  
gleaming water & dark dense  
forest had a very fine effect.  
~~The rest of the~~ He had to hurry  
back & only just escaped a  
heavy thunder shower.  
The rest of evening spent in  
drying clothes & with occasional  
refreshment of ale. And then to  
bed some after 9 - (America bath  
for feet), as we mean to push on  
25 m. to the Thirteen Mile but  
so as to reach Birschoff in time  
for train. Roads narrow &  
rough - but managed to sleep  
after taking certain precautions  
with insecticide.

Thursday Rich 3 <sup>Kills of the Pienian</sup>

Though tucker was short at Foster's  
they raised some bacon for breakfast  
& supplem. then with tarts & cakes  
very good. Left Foster's at 7.30  
I was ferried over to the other side  
The mists lay in the river but we  
caught glimpses of Mt Donaldson  
& Long Back. Thence up the  
hill through forest about 6 miles  
till we reached Brown's Plain

Bullgrass with little tree  
tr - I saw the long rugged  
Meredith range stretching to  
our right & in front. At noon  
we reached the 26 m. hut  
~~limestone~~ Lakel & lunched on  
bread & cheese & ham - Cut some  
celery top & horizontal sticks.  
All day we worked our way  
along the ~~opposite~~ side of the great  
gorge of the Rhine R. <sup>with the</sup>  
Meredith range <sup>on opposite side</sup> round which we  
gradually made our way.  
The Rhine gorge is very deep & wooded  
on the Meredith slope we saw the  
pos. of Rocky Creek where the great  
2400' nugget was found & where  
some 7 or 8 miners & a no. of prospectors  
are working - as a prospector  
Lakeland (a relation of  
whom we came across told us -  
on reaching the ridge of Long  
Plain we had a fine view of  
Donaldson long back & the  
Norfolk range to the SW & the  
great ridge of Meredith to E  
also the country out to the Circular  
Head & in the far distance NW  
Int (Emmett's find).  
Long plain is a fraud - it is no  
plain at all but a jumble of  
rounded bottom grass hills with  
very steep gullies between them.



down which we perspired  
slowly dragging ourselves up  
steep gravel track on some  
terrific pinches. We halted for  
a while to reconnoitre at a  
red surveyors flag & came to the  
conclusion that it was the  
beginning of laying out a track  
past a hut at some distance  
to the long plain claim  
which was confirmed by our  
after seeing some huts a long  
way off in the bush to our  
left. We followed the telegraph  
poles & took some questionable  
short cuts onto precipitous gullies  
through dense scrub. After  
traversing some 7 or 8 miles  
of this so called plain we came  
to a long incline & met a man  
with a letter from D. Jones to Spent  
The path from the 19 mile post  
led down along incline on a  
high steep rising of open  
bluff grass (round the end  
of the Meredith range which was  
on the opp side of the Whya  
gorge. densely wooded - some of  
the hills steeply a peaked will  
forming end of range by wooded  
to the top) The incline which  
we cd see for a mile or two  
ahead led along this rising

over serpentine rocks & through  
awful mud for at least  $2\frac{1}{2}$   
miles from 14 mile post before  
we reached the 18 m. huts  
at which we rested for a spell.  
Then pushed on to the 16 mile  
on the banks of the Heazlewood  
where we crossed a bridge nearly  
completed & found Tom Jones  
encamped a short way off the  
track. Here we were entertained  
with tea & a damper & beer & I am  
recovered our spirits & good  
temper, though very tired feet.  
P.M. I have a bad chafe.  
He had now worked round the  
rough granite range of the Meredith  
& had Mt Cleveland before us  
Then long pull up hill over  
serpentine followed by sandstone  
from the Heazlewood for about  
3 miles & reached the 13 m.  
hut in a little gully. But a  
badger box with opened where  
we found Lakeland. & built  
a big fire at open end. had fine  
bills of soup. By the mailman  
25<sup>th</sup> with packhorse offered to  
take our ways into Bischoff in the  
morning. He is over 60 years old &  
carries 60 or 70 lbs. so was.  
He turned into our blankets & got  
some fitful sleep. fleas were awful.  
Roughly nearly all but not all  
the & Byrnes talked & rambled nearly  
all night.

Friday. Rich H

We were up at dawn - had a hurried breakfast - & before taking our traps we started at 6 sharp for our last march of 13 miles - all corduroy with some insignificant breaks. Through fine bush for some miles till we crossed the Rhyte River approaching the Maquet Range. The corduroy was trying walking but the country was lovely, deep richly wooded gorges & a profusion of most perfect tree ferns - in much greater quantity & much finer than any we have seen. The track was hill & there were some very steep pinches up the range which tried our legs & would yet we kept on steadily walking some 7 miles, with a good proportion of uphill & some very steep corduroy pinches almost like going upstairs, without a spell. The track on that side the Maquet was like the best parts of the Huon Rd but much



from Northmountain break  
in its richness of vegetation  
~~The road~~ On reaching the top  
of the range the path travels  
along distance along the ridge  
it is all finely wooded but  
more open than lower down  
the slopes - We stopped at  
the Maquet claim where the  
borings rods still lay rusting,  
amidst a lot of lignite which  
Johnston examined - The  
descent on the Arthur side  
was very steep zigzag there  
we found the *Gualtheria*  
berries exceptionally fine  
also horizontal & *Eucryphia*  
the latter in flower - By 10  
o'clock we reached the Arthur  
dark rushing stream & crossed  
by the bridge to which David  
Jones brought Cecil Walker  
Lettie Liddle & myself  
last Feb - It is another beautiful  
gully & I now saw the red  
*Aristotelia* berries so fine  
or in such large clusters

at 71 exactly

Passing by the W. Bischoff Claim  
where the machinery was at  
work turned by a water wheel -  
(exam last year with A. Jones)  
we made our way along the  
Coy's tramroad for a mile or  
two with Tinstone Creek flowing  
by our side or crossing the track  
so by a very steep & zigzagging  
corduroy to the township of  
Maratah - our entrance adorned  
with sticks hatchet &c was  
made three & two - abandoning  
our single column formation -  
& created some little sensation  
among the loungers in the  
township. We made for  
Pearce's Refreshed ourselves  
with the nut brown ale -  
meeting Davy Jones again -  
Had a short kiss giving as to my  
bag but was relieved by its  
arrival (thru Pearce's kind  
offices) <sup>had a wash</sup> & arrayed myself  
once more in the garments  
of civilization - Went to Bischoff  
Coy's office & met Horne

again who remembered me  
from last year - also saw  
Hayser - then had a good  
square feed for dinner -  
beefsteak pie potatoes & French  
beans - Apple tart - ale  
and made our way to the  
station where we bade adieu  
to Hayser, D Jones, Horne,  
Choky Crowther &c Had already  
telly. home - Left by 2 o'clock  
train a lovely sunshiny day  
& beautiful ride - the Surrey  
& Hampshire Hills stations &  
beautiful belts of timber  
varied by long stretches of  
the colony unaccustomed  
grass pasture - Had fine  
glimpses of Mt Pearce &  
distant glimpse of Karu Bluff.  
Sights of Valentines Peak  
from different points Bay  
Did the 47½ miles <sup>to Oym Bay</sup> in 2 1/2 hours. 5 o'clock  
restored his deaf dog to  
Domale D'Angela. Met Ken  
Chapman & had tea with  
him - 2 fine little boys  
(Gordon &



At a little after 6 the Coach  
picked me up - Spence &  
Bayly being on box seats.

I shortly after Rm Johnston  
who had had tea at Norton  
Smith's - A lovely moonlight  
night but being inside did  
not see much of it - Bayly  
quar with touch of sun &  
liver - Had good spin up  
hill beyond North Bridge  
Arrived home by 11 o'clock  
& put up at Mrs & Meara's  
Close to Station - Very indiffer-  
ing then attention to guests -  
Johnston & I took same bed -  
Bayly's adventure with  
stranger occupying his room  
who remonstrated apt his  
snoring -

Sat. 5 March

A magnificent day &  
very warm - Tea & bread  
butter was all we cd get

Left Toronto by 7 o'clock train  
was at station

Recommended a female friend  
to my care. I had a painful  
time with diarrhea - Omitted  
to get ticket - otherwise  
enjoyed the beautiful ride  
in to Lunenburg where we  
arrived at 11:35 - Saw  
Jorgeson & his Jorgeson -  
Lewis Parker & R. J. Parker at  
their office - Good dinner  
at Barber's All Nations who  
seems first class - Spent &  
Bayly there - brought L. Parker  
with me - Then up to  
Halifax to see Jean Mc  
Dowall & her aunt Mrs. Lill  
& called at the Remison's  
at the corner Saw Frances  
& Jim - Drove to station  
& by 3 o'clock express South  
O. Fych & wife. Mr. A. Hopkins  
to them in train. At Campbell  
Town saw Mrs. Keach & Lou  
Clarke got in - with them we  
had interesting talk about the

Rocky & Big Horn Trip no  
 experience - Pulling Grayhairs.  
 Spent Bayley & I got out  
 at Glenorchy & I arrived  
 at Summerhome in bush  
 rig, cardigan & swag  
 complete - finding Mary,  
 Emily Dixon, Maude Rogers,  
 Miss McGregor & Miss Mackay  
 there - Only Mr & Mrs Clarke  
 Grace & Arthur were there -  
 we met Alice & Lily in the  
 lane returning from a  
 picnic after 10 -

~~4 Feb 1889~~  
~~Cash~~

✓	Mr Clarke	1. 15.0
✓	J. J. Saher	12.0
✓	J. P. Whyte	3. 15.0
✓	R. M. Johnston	2. 12.0
✓	J. B. Parker	2. 7.0
		<u>11. 1.0</u>

~~Cash paid~~

Feb 4	14 drinks	7.0
	6 do	3.0



1889.  
Rovers' Trip to East Bay Neck  
and East Coast

4 Feb 1889.

Rev G Clarke - R M Johnston  
+ J Salin - C & Malch  
I M Whyte + J B M.

Breakfast at C & Malch's  
By "Saranna" So (Whitehouse  
to Dunally - Gurney +  
3 boys - Bob Bowling, Cyril,  
James + Evelyn Ward.  
Called at Salt Water. Inq B.  
Cascades + Saranna.

Story of man  
at Springs - told he was wise  
as Solomon. "Oh you mean  
Solomon Blay." No the other  
"Oh yes, I know he's gone to  
L'ton" No <sup>old</sup> - at Jerusalem  
"Yes he was at Jerusalem  
but now he's peeing at Jericho

Our horses were feeding at Ketchikan

Reached Dunally Pier  
4 PM. Hyett took over  
traps in Cart - Pitched  
tent on rise above Bay  
facing E: abt 1 1/2 m. from  
Jelly. Rush appeared  
with boat as we pitched  
tent. Had dinner abt 6.  
Johnston told of octopus  
caught off South Prince  
washed ashore. Had lost  
its arms & weighed 12 cwt  
body 12 ft long 2 1/2 ft thick  
Arms must have been 40 ft long  
Root of arms nearly 1 ft across  
I. says true Sea Serpent  
octopus Swimming backward  
After dinner came onto  
rain & wind worked round  
to S.W. - later it rained  
heavily but fly kept tent  
dry. Sat in tent & read  
aloud Clark Russell's  
Sailor's Sweetheart. After

a nightcap. turned in about  
10 but not to sleep. All  
awake except Mr Clarke so we  
lit up at 11:40 for a while -  
& then after some talk out  
lights & I went to sleep.

Tuesday. 5 Feby.

Net morning with wind  
S.E. - Rain light & squally.

Barracouta for breakfast -  
Only occasional light  
squalls but thick & damp  
too damp to strike Camp.

Loafed about all day -  
With occasional intervals  
of "A Sailor's Sweetheart."

Five Curry for dinner  
at 6. Went to Post Office  
with letter to Mother.

Argument with Johnston  
after dinner on vivisection.

Read Sailor's Sweetheart  
until 1 1/2. Story exciting  
read up to the raft on fire

Wednesday 6 Feby

Still southerly thick &  
squally but not much



rain - After breakfast ham & eggs  
determined to shift camp  
for Chinaman's Point.  
Packed truck tent & put things  
aboard 'Isabel' by punt  
& got anchor up abt noon  
in pretty heavy squall of wind  
& small rain - looking bad  
Quick run down Blackman's  
Bay by intricacy of channels  
among flats - Rush said  
"dodging in & out like a monkey  
on a pole" Before reaching  
the flat we ran on flat.  
3 of us tumbled into dingy  
& Rush & Armin tried to pole  
her off, but ~~the~~ boat dragged  
over both poles & we had to pull  
like fury to get hold of them.  
Then Johnston & I began to pull  
off our trousers to jump in but  
just then boat moved off, only  
however to ground harder.  
Johnston then off breeches &  
jumped amid great laughter  
& pushed with the poles at  
last she floated & we jumped  
on board again - Weather cleared  
a bit - We had to make a

long circuit round Shal  
& soon came in sight of break  
on bar & then rounding the  
right of long sandspit came  
brought up at head of bay  
inside Chinaman's point which  
forms one of heads of Blackman  
Bay the long sandspit forming  
the other - in wh was a break  
made by last storm - the  
deal channel very narrow  
running close to Chinaman's  
Had lunch on board & then  
landed our traps - cut ferns  
& pitched tent - All delighted  
at having got to such a good  
camp after our very uninteresting  
one at the neck.

Remains of old Chinese fish  
curing estab. abt 71 yrs ago.  
Halk with Mr Clarke & R.M.J.  
across point to top of cliff  
whence we saw Cape Bernier  
& Maria Id - Then back along  
channel, running but going  
tide running out like a sluice  
in narrow channel 4 or 5 knots  
Dead Silly fish in quantities

thousands of red anemones  
below tide marks - Breakers on  
other side fine - Crests tossed  
back by wind - in long broken  
lines - After dinner of Steer  
took walk along beach of  
the Cove in wh boat row.  
From top of cliff at further  
point of beach above Natural  
Pavement (resembling that at  
Dagle Hawk) he looked across  
Cove with green mass of  
Chinaman's point in middle  
distance to Cape Bernier &  
Maria Id in distance.  
On left the Sandhills on  
spits & yellow sand banks  
with bright green water &  
leaping white horses.  
The colours on sea wonderful  
Half sea - all over to right &  
beyond to Maria a lovely  
bright silver grey. A heavy  
bank of black clouds to left  
cast shadows over right half -  
making a clear division -  
the sea on that side being  
generally a dark steel



grey broken in middle  
distance by yellow sand  
banks & bright green water  
brightened by white breakers  
this light green passed further  
into steel grey & then deep  
purple & close along shore  
of Brown Cape Bernier into  
brighter purple almost blue.  
changing light & sheer &  
blending & changing colours  
most lovely, sharply set  
off by fresh damp green  
of Chinaman's point & yellow  
clunes topped with dark scrub  
of Sandspit - a wild  
windy sky above with  
dark driving heavy masses  
of cloud & over Marine  
clouds tinged with sunset  
colours. Johnston & I  
taking observations for photos  
sky clearing - blue sky &  
driving masses of cloud  
but quiet sky with red  
clouds above - wind rising  
& before 9 blowing southerly

in pretty heavy gusts. But  
tent snug & very thankful  
we have got down here -  
delighted with our camp.  
windy sky but with  
stars visible & young moon.  
Thursday 7 Feby

Last evening ~~we had~~ app.  
weather seemed to be clearing  
in night blew hard from N.  
tent facing exactly to that quarter.  
After bkfst went round point  
to shore outside Bay. & along  
cliffs - mudstone - part like  
high walls with natural pavement  
much like that at Eagle Hawk

Photo. Bad day blowing hard with  
slight showers but quite sheltered  
under cliffs. After 2 or 3 hours  
& a couple of bottles of beer went  
back to tent wind still rising -  
tide runs over 5 knots out  
of bay entrance. The breakers  
on bar magnificent - racing in  
like ranks of white horses  
the wind blowing back huge  
flying masses of white spray  
we sat & watched them for some  
time. I took 2 photos with shelter  
wind being so strong. In fact a  
gale we set to work to build  
a breakwind before tent of small  
honeysuckles - abattoir - wh made  
a great diff to tent. No Clarke

bad headache. rather afraid he is  
going to be ill. Rush had great  
trouble to get off to his boat it  
was blowing so hard. - tried  
to move her further in but  
could not succeed. - as wind  
increased the surf on the bar  
magnificent - the bar at entrance  
one great boil & sputter - &  
behind for a mile down the  
big breakers ~~receding~~ <sup>in</sup> huge regular  
tumbling ranks. Each huge  
roller as it broke tossed back  
in tremendous flying masses of  
white spray - a grand sight.  
The wind blowing in furious  
gusts shaking the tent fiercely.  
Finished 'Sailor's Sweetheart'  
& after grog, to sleep.

Friday. 8<sup>th</sup> Feby. Rattle Gangara  
after breakfast. Mr Clarke all  
right again. We started with  
10am some ale & a lunch basket  
of bread & cheese for North Bay  
& Humphreys Bluff. Made Salient Point  
Clarke Volcano & W. at first along  
shore cliff. & after some distance  
came to edge of cliff & deep gulch  
or crack running down to sea.  
then to edge of water where  
water hole (cleft) known as the  
fishery. Then along the backbone  
of ridge. getting view of Green  
Id & Cape Fearfully. & further  
on of Cape P. Lamanon close  
under us. In about an hour  
& a half came down onto



at 17

altogether about 9 miles.

at a half came down into  
 head of North Bay Beach  
 where we left Hatch Saline & Mayhew  
 & W.C. Johnston & I went along  
 beach in afternoon. over two  
 miles & had lunch at mouth of  
 lagoon outlet. From end of  
 beach about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles to beach of  
 Almut Harbour & Biddulph's  
 (Allison's place) By this time  
 lovely day with fine sunlight  
 & great passing clouds. Almut  
 Harbour (lagoon Bay) a lovely  
 place. ~~Light~~ fine sandy  
 Curves of beach. Cape Fred. Hy.  
 with Sisters rocks a fine object  
 Called at Biddulph's & after  
 talk with him & his wife on to  
 end of Cape at ~~that~~ side of  
 Bay. Photo of Cape Fred. Hy.  
 Then up Cape with Ids (Hells Ids)  
 off it. Natural tunnel in sea  
 fine panorama from top  
 looking down with Ids in  
 foreground. beyond C. Fred Hy  
 & Sisters. further Green Id  
 Maria I. in distance  
 Took 2 or 3 photos. Then to  
 look at Hump's Bluff & photo  
 Then back called at Biddulph's  
 Johnston securing bones of  
 swordfish. Biddulph took  
 us short cut to lagoon but  
 it proved a long way round  
 to outlet. Salina radicans.  
 one sided flower. blue prickly  
 marsh plant. Half an hour  
 4:30 pm

of beach-fine rollers - ~~from~~  
~~thence back~~. There half anchor  
+ some beer + bread + cheese.  
Left 5:30 reached Camp. 6:25.  
After splendid day.  
Dinner boiled leg mutton.  
Singing round fire. Fred S.  
Johnston + Whyte -  
changed my plates. + turned  
in - fine night but cloudy  
wind has at last fallen  
best day yet -

Saturday 9 Feb. Bathe.  
after bkfst cold mutton.  
Sailed out (all except Johnston)  
through Channel + fastened  
to reefs off Cape Paul Lamanon  
Catching large Rock Cod + a few  
black perch. Saw Sr. (Lyall?)  
going N. within Maria Id.  
two fish hawks on tree - have nests  
in the cliff. Instant. of cliffs -  
Catching Rock Cod - Nets  
battered brimble - altogether  
Catching about 20 dog fish.  
one large t. trumpet bitten into  
by shark.

Put me on shore in punto on Cape  
Lamanon. Photo of coast  
Found Porcupine - across to  
Pales Bay about 10 m. walk  
Photo of Bay on two plates  
along shore + Photo of Landing  
Platform of Green Id + Anchorage

Photo of Green St. + Church  
To head of bay. Photo of Bay  
from landing place - left  
P. to Bay about 5. reached  
Camp in 40 min. - (This is  
shortest way to North Bay)  
Dinner - Soup + Boiled Beef  
Photo of big gum + Bootyallas  
'Court Royal' read aloud.  
A beautiful bay - morning cloudy  
sunshiny after - evg. moon  
more than half. Changing  
plates under blanket with lantern  
Johnston by himself to hunt  
spinners along cliffs -

Sunday 10 Feb. - Bathe. Stupores

Breakfast first fish -  
Lovely soft morning. quite breeze  
Loafed about all day - with  
occasional readings of 'Court Royal'  
Morning. Short Service W. Clarke  
Church morning prayers. O God of Bethel  
all people that - Sermon of Dales on  
the mote + the beam -  
Dinner - Soup - Salt Beef Plum Pudding  
Photo of Camp  
Evening Sermon of Dales.

Monday 11 Feb. - Bathe.

after breakfast. pinto put us over  
to Sandspit - in two trips - had to  
pull all round channel a lot  
tide - a heavy pull. Went along



beach to outlet of Bream Creek  
 rather more than 2 miles.  
 Porpoises close in shore, swimming  
 in breakers. Lovely sunny day  
 with fine N.E. breeze. Talier,  
 Mr C. & <sup>Mr. Thayer</sup> Johnston had gone on  
 we walked on shoreward side  
 of Bream Creek for 2 or 3 miles  
 Creek wide, still & beautiful & blue  
 in sunshine. Twisted & contorted  
 gum trees blown all toward shore  
 by wind. Had lunch beer & bread  
 & cheese & loafed. Took two photos.  
 Walked on a mile or so up to  
 Quimbabius & back. Found the  
 others on opposite side & so  
 back to outlet which is landed  
 up, the Creek being drained off  
 higher up by an artificial ditch.  
 Back again up beach. very few  
 shells. Seashores of two species.  
 Fished over again by punts - hard  
 work against flowing tide.  
 Dined on getting back, abt 5  
 Photo. of camp. 'Court Royal' till  
 near 11.

lovely moment.

Tuesday. 12 Feb. Up before 7 a  
 abt 6.30. Bathing & breakfast  
 ham & eggs. Photo of party at 8.30.  
 aftn bkfst agreed to sail to Greysd  
 abt 10. were on board boat. Johnston  
 stayed behind. Caught me on jaw  
 with a stone from shore as I  
 sat on the boat writing up this journal  
 nasty unprovoked.  
 Tacked out of Bay. light breeze from  
 N.W. hazy but lovely day.  
 When we got outside saw n. of porpoise

leaping out of water & jumping  
suddenly, they took flight & plunged  
off - hundreds of them - tearing along  
the water & leaping over the surface  
making a tremendous noise &  
turmoil - ~~noise~~

Rush calls Cape Fredk Hy - Parrot Point  
because of parrot fish caught there  
Inland Bay called Lagoon Bay  
The isd of Fredk Hy. calls the needles.  
Humpers Bluff the Goat Hills

Lunch  
Splendid sail round basaltic  
Cliff of Green Id - grand views  
of romantic coast just about  
Tasman's Anchorage. Came  
to anchor or rather fastened  
onto keel just within line of  
Green Id & C. Fredk Hy. - Maria  
Id seen over inner end of Green Id.  
Catching black perch - clouds  
of gulls - Put on shore on  
Green Id to take photo of fine  
cliff of Cape Fredk Hy.

Young penguins in holes of rock  
Chasms in rock of basalt  
also a blow hole. After a  
few minutes hard to return in  
punta & then up stick for  
hours - and up channel &  
off camp before 11:30

Dinner - gravy soup - hotch potch  
& plum pudding. Eog. finished  
Court Royal. Watch & R.M. &  
great argument over books - also  
on Shakespeare authorship

Wed. 13 Feby. Bathe & Skipt.

Morning rather dull but fine  
with N.E. wind. Soon after 10  
got on board 'Isabel' & dropped  
down Narrows with ebbing tide  
almost calm, & a nasty roll &  
tumble at mouth of narrows  
wh. made Whyte & Solomon feel  
queer & made me lie down as  
method of precaution. an  
oily swell in which boat tumbled  
about with no wind to steady her.  
Headed for Cape Bernier the  
breeze springing up & sky cleared  
so got very hot. Delightful sail  
So we had to beat down

(abt 7 miles in straight line and  
round coast) seen -

Frank Rush on Cape Bernier  
'Hellfire Bluff' worst place on  
Coast baffling gusts from diff.  
directions caused by high bluffs  
and narrow straits bet Cape  
& Maria. often very stormy.

Fine N.E. breeze but scorching  
hot sun. Off sandy beach abt  
1 1/2 to 2 miles from Cape  
we came to an anchor.

Landed in Ponto just inside  
a rocky point not far from  
end of beach about 12 miles

from Cape. Had lunch tongue  
beef & mutton. Then landed



13th Nov  
These are the same as the rounded  
Johnston I scrambled over  
point towards Cape - & got onto  
the rocks at end & took 2 or  
3 photos of Cape from diff<sup>r</sup>  
points. The Col<sup>d</sup> Strata very  
beautiful - red deep brown  
yellow in horizontal bands -  
high cliff on one hill weathered  
white greenstone - beyond  
Strata of mudstone & the  
Sentry boxes fur on the Cape  
a great slide of all of dirt  
forming a talus right into sea  
Rush sd once when he passed  
the rocks were rattling down  
into the water - it appears the  
falling is constantly going  
on - This is furthest point  
shown in photo - the actual  
bluff of Cape lies a little beyond  
very bold almost perpendicular  
near water actual perp.  
sandstone cliff of yellow  
stratified & banded sandstone  
magnificent day - sun like  
afternoon - Johnston cd not  
go beyond point for precipitation  
rain - The rest went along  
beach abt a mile or more  
good beach for shells. About 3:30

Very coarse crystalline  
greenstone outcrop

got on board again have been  
in shore nearly 1½ hrs. And  
set sail - wind drew round  
as we got off. Breeze ok  
beach & began to blow in  
puffs from NW which grew  
heavier & heavier - made  
good way but wind drew  
more ahead - eased & spit  
then at last as puffs grew  
violent reefed & finally  
scandalised mainsail  
(i.e. took down peak & fast  
it round mast) & hoisted  
storm jib. on reaching Spit  
stood away outside it but  
cd not fetch point at entrance  
of narrows - blowing hard.  
So stood on outward tack  
& clearing reef on shore side  
hoisted storm mizzen as  
mainsail & after one short  
tack towards Spit stood  
right into narrows with  
flowing tide - 1½ hours  
from Berrier to anchorage  
ground - a grand day -  
Dinner - Soup & minicelli  
& minced Collops. Irish  
Stew of tinned boiled mutton.  
Apple plum pudding.

Photo of sunset. "Gallaghers"  
Reading: Mystery of Murderbridge <sup>earrings</sup>  
by Payne - aloud in tent  
Sailed in after 10 or 10:30  
Wind rather strong from NW.  
& later on from SW.  
Thursday 14<sup>th</sup> Feb.

Thousands of Corvora mites.

Capt. wakens about 5. Johnston  
got up & I also & we went  
(after plum puddings & coffee)  
to point on a tide Chimney  
Bay & took 2 photos  
looking towards Resmer & Maria  
& also towards spit & Beacon  
Ch. - Back to breakfast  
& boiled egg. Photo of party  
at Camp Fire - A little  
before 11 all (except R. M. I & J)  
Sailed out of narrows with  
ebbing tide to fish outside.  
Wind fresh from SW. with  
occasional gleams of sunshine  
Johnston & I walked round  
along rocks inside Bay &  
round into Shepherd's Bay  
Halibut. Linton. Fusus fusiformis  
Sea slug - hare - mouse - Johnston  
this fossils in a soft rotten sandstone  
He thought post tertiary an indurated



sand dune. Lunch after  
crossing over flats at a dry  
creek at head of bay. Scones  
tale. Back again round  
mudstone rocks. great  
platforms like pavements  
tumbled fragments of the rocks  
from cliffs - varying from 10  
to 60 or 70 ft high. masses  
quantities of shells *Phasianella*  
&c. Johnston on masses of  
opercula in seabirds nests  
Cracktritus on rocks to feed young.  
Intervals of reading 'Mystery  
of Mirbridge' - Dinner Macaroni  
& veg. Soup. Boiled beef. Plum  
Pudding - In evening C & W &  
N.M.S. made a great heap of  
wood on beach & lit the bonfire  
W. Clarke made a net.  
Then got net & prints took it  
out to seine the beach -  
made 4 hauls - 1<sup>st</sup> 1/4 flounders  
2<sup>nd</sup> 1/2 fine flounders - type shark  
Flathead - sea hares.  
little octopus - shell spaw &  
a lot of 14 flounders  
Then more reading. whisky  
& bed. Changing plates.

Compliment of winter.  
gallachers - bulldogs & lumps  
in tent.

Friday - 15 Febr -

Bathes abt 7. Breakfast  
of splendid flounders -  
photo. of party at tent -  
Packed up our traps ready  
for moving - groceries at returning  
to business - ~~Sat~~ Photos  
of boat - Sat under boobyalla  
listening to mystery of Mirkbridge  
Photo of party on jetty -  
a lovely day. wind westerly  
got on board & sailed up  
Blackman's Bay - passed  
Coughboy flat & oyster flats  
Entricacies of Chidnal -  
left a little after about noon  
dubon & a half getting up  
to first campaign ground.  
Had lunch before landing.  
Landed our dunnage -  
+ loafed about - pitched camp  
Dinner - soup - sausages - plum pudding  
Evening - reads M. of Mirkbridge  
Rum Punch - singing &c.  
To bed abt 10.30

Sat. 16 Febr.

up before 6 - beautiful  
clouds wh I photo.

Some bathed - C & W 7 & 8.

after bkfst. ham & eggs -

Packed up & struck tent.

at 11 Hyatt's cart came &  
carted baggage over beach to  
Jetty - called at Scrimger's  
had ale & Rm I got  
his swordfish bones -

Spaulding's Steam barge not  
arrived when we got there  
at 12 - apprehensions as to its  
arrival as she was reported  
in ship.



1. Thurs 7 Feby 89 No 2272 Plats

3 Outside Blackman's Bay. Cliff  
dull & heavy. abt 7 PM. 3 stop 14

2. 9. Breaker's Blackman's Bay  
no stop - fast shutter. overcast  
3:40 PM

3. 10 do do

4. Fri 8<sup>th</sup>  
4 Cape Fredk Hg from Allisoria  
Inland Harbour. 2:30 PM. 1/2 sun.  
3 stop - 6 (overexp?)

5. 5 do from Bluff. 2:45 PM.  
Sun. 3 stop - 4 (overexp?)

6. 6 do. Instant. slow shutter  
2:50 PM. Sun.

7. 7 Humpers Bluff. 3 PM  
faint sun. 3 stop (overexp?)

Sat 9.

8. 3. Cliffs from Boat. 2 PM.  
sun. 3 stop. Instant. quick

9. 4. Cliffs from Cape P. Lamanon  
2:30 PM. Full sun. 5 stop 5 overexp

10. 5. Cape P. Bay. 3:15 PM.  
sun faint. 2 stop. Shutter slow

11. 6. P. Kales Bay. 3:25 PM  
sun faint. 2 stop Shutter slow

12 7. Tasman's Anchorage  
from Port Bay. 4 PM.  
Sun. 2 stop. Shutter slow

13 8. Tasman's Landing Place.  
4:15 PM. Sun. 3 stop. 3

14 9. From landing Place.  
4:30 PM. Sun. 3 stop 4

15 10. Gum Tree & Booty alla  
Sat 6:45 PM. Sun setting behind  
thick bank of cloud.  
3 stop - 16

Sun. 10<sup>th</sup>.  
16 3. Camp Blackman's Bay  
5:15 PM. Sun. bright. Shutter slow

Mon. 11<sup>th</sup> Feb.

17 4. On Bream Creek. full sun  
1:40 PM. 3 stop. Quick Shutter.

18 6. do. with Whyte 2 stop do.  
1:50.

19 5. Whyte & C. & Co. no stop  
do. - slide drawn an  
2 PM. inch - probly fogged

20 7 Sheepwash near Numbabbie  
Bream Ck. 3 PM. full sun  
3 stops. 2

21 8 Camp with gum tree.  
6:45 PM Sun just touching horizon  
3 stops. 7 left tide

22 Tues. 12th 3 do. - sun to eight  
7:30 am. 4 stops. 5

23 4. Breakfast - sun to eight  
under trees. 9 am 3 stops 5

24 5. Green Id. 12:35 Sun

25 6. Humphers Bluff. 12:45 "

26 7. Green Id from outside.

27 8. Cape Fredk Hy. 1 PM.

28 9. do + Bluff. 2 PM.

29 10. Green Id. 2:15

30 11. C. Fredk Hy from Green  
Id. overcast  $\frac{1}{2}$  sun. 3 stops. 5+  
3 PM

fast shutter



Wed. 13 Feb.

31. 3. Cape Resmer abt 3 PM  
Moria 3d in disce  
does not show cliff at extreme point  
full sun. on left.  
4 stop - 3

32. 4 do. 5 stop 4

33. 5. do 4 stop 3

34. 6. Sunset. Slow shutter

Thursday. 14 Feb.

35. 7. From Hill looking Northward  
4 stop - 2 + quarter sun  
exposure for sea & sky.

36. 8. do looking abt WNW.  
do do

37. 9. At the Camp Fire  
9:15 am. 1/2 sun. Slow shutter  
2 stop.

15<sup>th</sup> Friday  
38. 5 At the bank door just before  
starting. Friday 15<sup>th</sup> abt 9 am  
no stop - Slow shutter  
faint sun.

39. 11. Rustic Boat. 'Isabel'  
10:30 am. 2 stop. Sun  
fast shutter

40. 12. do 3 stop. Sun  
10:40 am slow shutter

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41. 7. Party on Jetty leaving  
12:30 Sun. 2 stop.  
slow shutter

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Sat. 16 Feby

42. 8. Clouds shortly after  
sunrise. no stop.  
abt 6 am. shutter half fast

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43. 10. do. fast shutter

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44 Clouds from E Bay Neck

Lee this adventurous criticism  
blood red - Espinosa -  
nature had exhausted herself

Maclan - Hamish -

Gov. + dinner - his customary  
attitude -

Scenes - Bottled beer -

Fri. - Singing - Georgia - Rowers  
Noah - Let me like - Hill. Blacksmith

Johnston's object to boat.

Stingarees - bathing.

Cantering round for an aperture  
Court Royal. Joanna. Lazarus  
Brim Creek.

green jet. water. shifting colours  
of green yellow + blue.

Bedding arrangements in tent }  
dures - encroachments }

Black water hole. great larvae }  
mosquitoes. }

Gallacher - an earwig.

Mystery of Mirbridge -

Meals behind tent.

Flies - trap with bell &

Bull dog + mynths.

Snakes - trousers tucked into  
socks -

Roar of waves on shore.

Bathing -

Sunleaves for bed. Fern.